

Glasgow Weekly Times.

CLARK H. GREEN:

"ERROR CEASES TO BE DANGEROUS, WHEN REASON IS LEFT FREE TO COMBAT IT."—JEFFERSON.

EDITOR & PROPRIETOR.

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THE Fourth Session of this School commences the 17th inst. Terms of tuition per Session of five months.
For Reading, Writing, &c., \$6 00
" Arithmetic, Geography and Grammar, 8 00
" Chemistry, Philosophy, &c., 10 00
" Algebra and Geometry, 12 50
" Latin, 12 50
Payment at the close of the Session. No deduction for absence, except in cases of protracted sickness. The subscriber refers to his known success as the most satisfactory assurance to those who may patronize his School, that their children will receive the most judicious moral and mental culture.
J. SCOTT.

September 6, 1849:

B. H. SMITH,

Attorney at Law,

TRENTON, GRUNDY CO. MO.

WILL promptly attend to all business, entrusted to his care, in the Courts of the Eleventh Judicial Circuit.

NEW DRUG STORE.

THE subscribers are now receiving and opening at their Drug Store, corner of Market and First streets, in Glasgow, a general assortment of Drugs, Medicines, Paints, Oils and Dyestuffs, Perfumery, Fancy and Shaving Soaps, direct from St. Louis and Philadelphia. We return our thanks to our friends and the public generally for their liberal patronage the last year, and hope by strict attention to business, to have a continuance of the same. Physicians orders put up neat and with despatch all articles sold by us warranted.

Our stock consists in part of the following articles, viz:

Sulphate and acetate of	and Croton Oils
Morphine	White and Red Lead
Quinine	Blistering Ointment
Potash Iodide	Tissue
"Aluminate	"
Blue Mass	Lunar Castile
Rheubarb, Pulverized	Epsom Salts
and Root.	Chamomile Flowers
Campbor	Creosote Tartar
Opium, Gum and Pul-	Acid Tartaric
verized	"
Tartar Emetic	"
Gum Arabic	"
"Allesedite	"
Castor, Olive, Linseed,	Calomel

PATENT MEDICINES.

Sappington's Brand's, Moffet's Price's and Sugar Coated Pills; Osgood's Choleagogue, Sweeney's and Wister's Balsam Wild Cherry. A pure article of Madeira Wine and Cognac Brandy for medicinal purposes only. In short we have every article usually called for in our line.

DIGGES & HORSLEY.

March 22, 1849.

CHEESE—A very fine fresh article, for sale by B. W. TALBOT & SMITH.

Pyette, June 21, 1849.

L. & A. ARNOT'S

LIVERY STABLE.

THE subscribers respectfully inform their friends and the public generally, that they have just received from St. Louis a new lot of superior CARRIAGES and BUGGIES, which, in addition to their former assortment, will enable them, at all times, to supply persons who may want conveyances, either on business or pleasure. They also have a very superior new OMNIBUS, of elegant finish, capable of carrying sixteen persons, with ease and comfort. They will at all times be in readiness to attend on funeral occasions, pleasure parties, or will convey persons and families to and from this place, at the shortest warning. Thankful for past favors, they solicit a continuance of that patronage heretofore so generously bestowed, and will spare no pains or expense to render comfortable and give satisfaction to all who will favor them with a call.
J. & A. ARNOT.
Glasgow, May 24, 1849.

Rio Coffee.

50 BAG Prime Rio Coffee, just received and for sale by

J. D. PERRY.

Shingles for Sale.

THE undersigned will have constantly on hand any quantity of Morrison's Shingles, per pack, put up in Eastern style, warranted to measure half a square to the pack, and each shingle to run its full length. Delivered either in Glasgow, Monticello or Old Jefferson. Apply to Barton & Bro's, Glasgow, John H. Grove, Old Jefferson, or the undersigned at Monticello.
WILLIAM C. WOODSON.
August 16, 1849—24—4m.

Making a Good Impression.

BY ANNA WILMOT.

Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones was very desirous of making a favorable impression on the mind of a certain young Dr. Jackson, who had recently moved into the village of Flowerdale, and of whom report said many fine things; as, that he was a man of elegant appearance, finished education, single, connected with a highly respectable family, and moreover, with something handsome.

The girls of Flowerdale were, as a matter of course, all by the ears—we don't mean quarrelling—about Dr. Jackson. Fanny Tiller, Jane Herbert, and Florence Wilbur, particular friends of Sarah Matilda, had already been introduced to the young physician, and their report was of a decided character.—Fanny said he was the most agreeable person she ever met; Jane was in raptures with his person—such splendid eyes and teeth—such a figure—such a carriage—and Florence laughingly declared him to be a perfect beau ideal in every thing.

Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones was the daughter of Jeremiah Jones, a very excellent man, whose "profession," as Sarah called it, was that of saddle and harness maker. He was not rich, neither was he poor. By industry he had been able to accumulate enough to buy himself a comfortable dwelling, and also to build half a dozen small houses, the annual income from which did not fall very short of a thousand dollars. His business, to which he devoted himself with commendable industry, yielded him a few hundred dollars above his expenses every year. Mr. Jones was, therefore, in very comfortable circumstances, and getting better off every day. He was a sensible man, and his wife was a sensible woman in most of the affairs of life. They gave their daughter, Sarah Matilda, a good education, and had had her accomplished in matters of music, dancing, &c., as far as this could be done during a year's sojourn at a boarding school located near the capitol of the State.

From this boarding-school the young lady had returned with a few notions on the subject of love and gentility in advance of those ordinarily held in Flowerdale. All usual employments she considered vulgar. In this view we may be sure that she found very little sympathy at home, where in spite of her new and improved ideas, she was compelled to take her part in the doing of what had to be done, and darn stockings, mend the jackets and trousers of her brothers, and even peel potatoes and turnips, or string the beans and shell the peas, just as things turned up. All this was a serious grief to Sarah Matilda, and a humiliation of her feelings; but Mr. and Mrs. Jones were people of the old school, and it was no use for the modern young lady to make a stand against them. She understood it very well, and did not commit so great a folly as to waste her feelings in the attempt.

In regard to love matters, it happened that Sarah Matilda made the discovery while in the finishing school to which she had been sent, that young ladies who expected to get good husbands must make themselves particularly attractive to the young men. The precise manner of doing this had not been laid down; but in a general way it was understood that tasteful dressing, agreeable conversation, and the exhibition of varied accomplishments were among the principal means to be employed in winning hearts. Sarah Matilda felt conscious of her power, and only waited a good opportunity for its display. None had been presented until the arrival of Dr. Jackson; for, among the ordinary village beaux, there was not one worth, in her estimation, the trouble of winning, and therefore, she wasted no attractions upon them.

Dr. Jackson's appearance in the village, however, awakened the young heart of Sarah Matilda from its partial torpor, and she determined, from the first, to make such an impression upon him when they did meet, as would place her in his estimation, far in advance of any other young lady of Flowerdale.

Through rather provoking and im-

portune circumstances, several weeks elapsed from the time Dr. Jackson opened his office, before an opportunity of meeting him occurred. The occasion which at length presented itself, was that of a party at the house of a friend. To prepare for the party was the business of a week. Sarah Matilda thought of little else through the day, and dreamed of nothing else through the night. The great question with her was, how she should dress so as to make the good impression she desired. The difficulty was to choose from among so many styles presented, something unique, striking and appropriate, one of the village dress makers was called in to Sarah Matilda's counsel.

"I want something very elegant," said the young lady. "In fact, I must be the belle of the evening, for I am going to meet my cap for Mr. Somebody, and wish to make a good impression."

The mantua-maker suggested first one thing and then another, but "no" "no" "not attractive enough"—"too plain," and such like objections, met every proposal. Perceiving now the young lady's views in the matter, the dress maker fell in with them, and between the two something really very striking, though not costly (for plain Mr. Jones had something to say in the matter) was got up. A showy head dress, with rosettes almost as large as cabbages was next selected, and a few more flowers and bows added to it gave it the right attraction.

The night of the party at length came. Among the first who arrived was Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones, fully prepared to take the young Doctors heart by storm. She wore a flashy muslin dress, looped up at the sides and in front with red flowers and rosettes. Her arms were bare, and each wrist was ornamented with a bracelet—one of which she had borrowed from a young friend, said young friend appearing in simple white and without ornament, except a few rose buds half hidden among her jetty tresses. From this friend Sarah Matilda also borrowed a large cameo pin, and a pair of heavy ear-rings both of which she now displayed. From some other source she had been able to get a showy necklace, that had not before glittered in the light of a gay party for years. As to her head dress we will not venture a description. Language would fail to present it to the mind's eye.

All ready to make a decided and lasting impression, Sarah Matilda came to the party. Her modest friend a portion of whose jewelry she was now exhibiting, appeared as has been said, in simple white. Her name was Florence Wilbur. Sarah felt a little sorry for her, when she saw the plainness of her attire, and felt some touches of compunction at having robbed her, as she mentally termed it. Florence sat down by Sarah's side, and nothing could have been in stronger contrast than the appearance they made.

As guest after guest arrived, Sarah Matilda marked them with quick eyes; and her gratification was extreme on finding, after the rooms were nearly filled, that she was indeed belle of the evening, and the observed of all observers. Compared with her, every other girl was a mere drab—so she thought—and not dressed well enough to go to church, much less appear at a party.

"Haven't seen the doctor yet?" Sarah Matilda whispered to Florence, who sat by her side. "I wonder if he isn't coming?"

"There he is," replied Florence, glancing towards the other end of the room.

"Where?" eagerly inquired Sarah.

"He is talking with Mr. Wayland."

"Indeed! Is that him? Oh what an elegant young man! And she fixed her eyes languishingly upon the doctor, who was looking steadily at her. In a few minutes he came across the room, and spoke to Florence, who introduced him to Sarah Matilda. The latter blushed, simpered, looked interesting—or tried to—and then made an attack upon the young doctor's heart, by a display of her remarkable educational superiority over all the girls in the village. For a time, Florence was thrown in the shade. But that did not trouble

her any, for she had not sought the light; and was happy in her own sweet thoughts.

Sarah Matilda felt that she had made a conquest. Dr. Jackson had surrendered at once. And she did not wonder that such should have been the case, all things taken into the account. Attraction such as she presented were not to be met with every day.

For half an hour she held the doctor by the force of her conversational ability, and then let him go, feeling that loves silken cords were around him.

It was not very long afterward that, while sitting near the folding door of the parlor, she heard a voice, the sound of which her ear well remembered, say:

"For Heaven's sake, Williams, tell me who that lady is with the head dress, and necklace? I don't see her just now but you know who I mean."

"The milliner's show figure?"

"Yes. The girl dressed like an opera dancer; who talks like a book, though a shocking bad one!"

"That lady is the fascinating Miss Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones. The belle of Flowerdale. Is it possible you haven't met her before?"

"Never had that pleasure."

"She's a character."

"So I find, though, I may say, not one particularly suited to my fancy. But there is one here who pleases me wonderfully well."

"Ah! who is she?"

"That modest flower drooping over the book on the centre-table."

"Florence Wilbur?"

"Yes."

"Florence is a charming girl, though rather retiring I have sometimes thought. If she ever wins a heart, it will not be through design; she is innocent of that."

"I can well believe you; though I would hardly like to say as much for the fascinating Sarah Matilda Ellen, what do you call her?"

Sarah Matilda heard no more, for the conversation between the two young men ceased at that point.

Cotillions were formed soon after, but Sarah Matilda was not to be found when the sets were made up. She had retired in confusion, and at the moment when the dancers formed themselves on the floor, she was in the chamber at home, with her finery scattered in disorder around her, and herself drowned in tears.

Nothing could have more astounded her than the words of the young men. The sneering remarks of the elegant doctor seemed, for a few moments, as if they would drive her mad. How she got out of the brilliantly lighted parlors, or how she found her way home, she could scarcely tell. But Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones was an altered girl from that time. Scales had fallen from her eyes, and she saw every object around her in a new light. She had sought to make an impression, and had succeeded; but it was a shocking bad impression; and of this she was too fully sensible to permit a feeling of vanity or even self-complacency to take possession of her mind.

She did not meet the doctor again for two months; and then, so changed was she in her whole exterior and manner, that he did not know her. In the mean time, he had commenced paying marked attention to Florence; but a hint from a friend that she was engaged, and the wedding day already appointed, caused him to abandon all designs in that quarter. On his second meeting with Sarah Matilda, he found her really an interesting and rather an intelligent girl, and ere he guessed who she really was, had permitted himself to feel an interest in her favor.

"Who is that young lady with whom I have been chatting?" he inquired of a friend.

"That is Miss Jones."

"What Miss Jones?"

"The daughter of old Jeremiah Jones, the saddle and harness maker. Have you forgotten the gay belle of the party?"

"What Miss Sarah Matilda Ellen Jones?"

"The same."

"It can't be possible!"

"The young lady herself, though from some cause, wonderfully changed for the better."

"So much changed that I didn't know her. Why, as she shows herself now, she is quite a clever girl."

"Her father and mother are sensible people, and she ought, therefore, to have a ground work of good sense in her character. They spoiled her by sending her off to a fashionable boarding school."

"A great many girls are spoiled in that way."

"You may well say that. But I am glad this young damsel has seen her folly, if such be really the case."

In spite of the half contempt Dr. Jackson had felt for Miss Sarah Matilda, he now found himself really interested in her; and as she had received a hint in regard to his views and feelings not soon to be forgotten, she permitted herself to act out herself naturally, and did not go a jot beyond this. The consequence was, that, after meeting her a few times in company, the doctor made bold to call, on which occasion he was more than ever pleased with her, and also pleased with with the plain, sensible old gentleman her father.

The more Sarah Matilda saw of Dr. Jackson, the more fully did she comprehend her mistake at the party. He was a clear-sighted, common sense kind of a man, who read character at a glance, and no more wanted a fine, artificial lady for a wife, than he did a fiery young colt to carry him about on his professional visits.

In acting out just what she was, and letting her true character be seen, Sarah Matilda made another kind of impression altogether from the one produced on the doctor's mind. As her real self, she had power to win him, and she did win him. Long ago they were married; and since that happy day, have enjoyed many a hearty laugh over the recollection of their first meeting at the party.

Additional News per Niagara.

HUNGARY.

The Paris Friday evening "Presse" states that the capitulation of Georgey is to be attributed to the intervention of the English Agent, and that terms of surrender were discussed and arranged at Warsaw during the last journey which Prince Swartzenburg made to that city. This submission, says the Presse, "is consequently neither a coup de etat, nor act of despair, but the result of negotiations skillfully conducted by Great Britain to save Hungary from the consequences of an unequal contest, and at the same time to deprive Russia of occupation and of prolonging her stay beyond her own frontiers."

Vienna, Aug. 20.—The Emperor returned yesterday. It was expected that further details of Georgey's surrender would transpire. Two proclamations were looked forward to with interest at Vienna, viz: Kossuth's resignation in favor of Georgey, and letters addressed to the Hungarians, in which he entreats them to lay down their arms, as it was useless to fight for a lost cause. Communication between Hungary, Moravia, and Galicia is now open. The "Germanic Zeitung" states that a large part of Georgey's army at once enlisted into the Austrian service, and it is thought that 60,000 well appointed and efficient troops will be added to the Austrian army.

It is again stated that Kossuth, Messars and Dembisky are safe in Turkey.

He who forgets the fountain from whence he drank, and the tree under whose shade he gambled in the days of his youth, is a stranger to the sweetest impressions of the human heart.

Few can appreciate what an energetic woman can do. One of these creatures recently washed a whole week's washing, hung the clothes out to dry, cooked three meals, made a pair of pants for her youngest boy, darned her husband's stockings, had the cholera, cured herself and dyed four dresses—all in one day.

Genius.—Genius is the heart. The sublime wearies; the beautiful deceives the pathetic alone is infallible, in art.—There is more genius in one tear, than in all the museums and all the libraries in the universe. Man is like the tree, which is shaken to make it shed its fruit. He never can be moved but tears must fall.—Lamarine.

THE FORAY AGAINST CUBA.—The

New Orleans Delta, of the 20th, contains the following correspondence. It explains itself:

To the Officers and men of the Expedition at Rendezvous at Round Island: Steamer Water Witch, Round Island, Aug. 27, 1849.

I am directed by the officer in command of the Naval forces assembled in this neighborhood, to call your attention to the Proclamation of the President of the Republic, made with regard to the expedition for which you are assembled, and I warn you to disperse at once, or abide the certain infliction of the penalty of the law.

In case you do not disperse by Tuesday to-morrow night, I am ordered to cut off your supplies of provisions, for which purpose ample means have been supplied.

You will find it impossible to depart on the expedition. Your steamer will be captured or sunk in the attempt, if they are even permitted to leave New Orleans, which is very doubtful.

All outlets to the Gulf are watched, and a force is rapidly collecting round you that you cannot dodge.

You are therefore advised, as well as warned, to disperse at once, with the solemn assurance, that, however unpleasant it may be to be called upon to act against our own countrymen, our sense of duty is so strong that all feeling will unhesitatingly be laid aside, and that nothing shall deter us from carrying out the orders given, in the strictest manner.

I am respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

G. M. TOTTEN, Lt. Com'dg.

Lt. Totten, com. steamer Water Witch: Round Island Aug. 27, '49.

Sir: Your communication of this morning was duly received. In answer we have entirely to disclaim any intention such as embodied in the proclamation of the President of this Republic, to which you have called our attention.—We are a body of men, uneducated, unarmed, and unwilling to do aught that would in any manner compromise our citizenship or liberty.

Circumstances may prevent our departure from this island, as early as you suggest, as means must be provided which are not immediately at hand.—Till such provision is made, there will be no attempt to transport to us further supplies. Respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN HASKINS, Prest.

W. JOHNSON, Sec'y.

Of that part of this marauding expedition which was to assemble at New York, we have the following account in the Journal of Commerce:

"The Cuba Invasionists, or whatever they may be called, had but a sorry attendance at their meeting last night (unless we except the reporters, of whom there was a very fair representation) owing to the prevalence of the storm. It was represented by the speakers that the expedition was unavoidably delayed by the non fulfillment of engagements by those contracting to have the vessel in readiness, though they have forfeited a large sum by so doing; that the vessel was not yet fully equipped. It was promised that on Tuesday evening next the whole plan of the expedition would be divulged. This delay is a grievous disappointment to some unfortunate young men, who, to our personal knowledge, have thrown up good situations, and sold all their effects some time since with a view to embark in this enterprise.

It is not what we earn, but what we save that makes us rich. It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that makes us fat. It is not what we read, but what we remember that makes us learned. All this is very simple, but it is worth remembering.

It is a singular fact, that the age of but one woman is mentioned in the Bible at the time of her death; and this gives us scripture authority for not being too inquisitive about the age of woman.

Hope is like a bad clock, forever striking the hour of happiness, whether it has come or not.

From the Valley Farmer.

WHEAT SOWING.

We are glad to see that the farmers of the west are very much increasing their wheat crops—finding it more agreeable and far more profitable than the onerous culture of tobacco. And as the season is now at hand, we will say a word upon the subject of preparing for and sowing wheat.

A certain degree of fertility of soil is necessary to succeed in raising wheat—this degree is to be learned by experience.

The crop is as precarious in too rich as too poor soil; and upland is preferable to bottom.

Wheat should never succeed to corn, unless the ground has "laid by" a season; in the latter case a good crop is sure, unless the elements wage a positive war upon it. Oats is an excellent precursor of wheat—leaving the ground mellow and clean; two requisites in successful wheat culture. The stubble should be turned under as soon as the oats are off the ground, giving time for decay before sowing time; moreover, a luxuriant crop of young oats will spring up, which, turned down in "flushing up," will prove a valuable and efficient manure, and quickener of the soil—the latter being much needed on prairie lands generally.

Wheat should never succeed to wheat, lest the grain degenerate, which it will certainly do. Virgil, the Philosopher as well as poet, wrote an axiom which he penned—"The true repose of the earth is the change in its productions." Speaking of plants, and the same holds good in relation to grain vegetation. Bridgman, the seedsman and florist, remarks: It is a curious fact, that a plant may be killed by the poison which it has itself created, as a viper may be stung to death by its own venom. Hence, it has been very generally noticed, that the soil in which some particular vegetables have grown, and into which they have discharged the excretions of their roots, is rendered noxious to the prosperity of plants of the same allied species, though it be quite adapted to the growth and support of other distinct species of vegetables. Let this suffice.

I believe in early sowing. The first and second weeks in September embrace the best time. From one and a quarter to one and three quarter bushels per acre is the proper quantity per acre—the former on new and the latter on old lands—thrown broadcast. In order to sow regularly, lay off your lands ten feet in width, and sow to and fro, throwing the grain from one side to the other of your land; thus scattering half quantity each time. The reason for this mode of sowing is too plain to make detail necessary.

We recommend harrowing, rather than ploughing in wheat, in western soil, at all events the surface should be left level. We have seen frequent reason for this. We know how apt our western soil is to "run together," in the wet winter season, if left in ridges—by this means covering up the germs in the hollows, and leaving the roots of others too much exposed. Again; in dry windy winters—and prairie farmers have seen this—the continuous and tremendous winds blow off the apexes of those ridges, thereby leaving a large proportion of germs to perish.

After cross-harrowing we highly enjoin rolling with a heavy roller.

What will suffer nothing from moderate grazing, provided it be done not after the 20th of January, and only when the ground is dry and firm.

Tobacco or corn stalks thrown about on bleak places, have the most happy effect on the wheat crop. We have seen this to our perfect satisfaction.

In all cases wheat before being sown should be rolled in warm tar and ashes. Besides being very offensive to moles, tar is an effectual remedy against smut in wheat.

We have thus briefly given our mode without comment; and the only comment necessary is—to follow it, in putting in wheat.

QUID NUNC.

Judge Bowlin, of St. Louis, is generally understood to be in favor of Col. Benton, but refuses to come out.